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A PRAYER IN TIME OF WAR.

Thou, whose deep ways are in the sea,
  Whose footsteps are not known,
Tonight a world that turned from Thee
  Is waiting—at Thy throne.

The towering babels that we raised
  Where scoffing sophists brawl
The little anti-christ we praised—
  The night is on them all.

How should we seek to Thee for power
  Who scorned Thee yesterday?
How should we kneel, in this dread hour?
  Lord, teach us how to pray!

Grant us the single heart once more,
  That mocks no sacred thing.
The sword of truth our fathers wore
  When Thou wast Lord and King.

Let darkness unto darkness tell
  Our deep unspoken prayer,
For, while our souls in darkness dwell,
  We know that Thou art there.

—Alfred Noyes.

THE PACIFIC

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FOR CONGREGATIONALISM AND THE CHURCH KINGDOM.

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PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

Our article this week entitled "The Story of The Pacific —The First Religious Newspaper established in California," is the first of a series in which we hope to be able to set forth some occurrences of considerable interest and value in California history. Persons engaged in research work in the Bancroft Library at the University of California regard The Pacific as in many respects one of the most valuable records of early events. All who will follow the series of articles will discern that The Pacific has had a worthy and serviceable career. Considerable of an idea may be had as to this in early years by the reading of the article which appears this week under the caption "When The Pacific was Thirty years Old"—a review at that time of its attainments. In the gathering of the material for this series of articles and in the writing of the first of the story we have thought often of that historical paper read by Dr. Walter Frear at the Semi-Centenary of the Pacific School of Religion—"The Faith and Courage of the Founders." The founders of The Pacific had faith and courage also. So, also, did they who carried it on decade after decade.

The Rev. Dr. Sydney Strong of Seattle writes to the Editor of The Pacific: "If you have not seen Dr. James M. Campbell's 32 page pamphlet, "The Place of Prayer in God's Plan of World Conquest," you should send to him for a copy. I read it last night at our prayer meeting." We had in The Pacific for May the 23rd an editorial concerning the pamphlet, which at that time had not been published, and have been expecting a copy thereof, but none has been received. The pamphlet was prepared by Dr. Campbell, as we stated in May, at the request of the Centenary Commission of the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, as an aid in their great forward movement in commemoration of that anniversary soon to be. Looking forward to what the Church of Christ is called to achieve the Commission realized and stated: "The Church must be led to realize the inadequacy of all human resources and to cast itself utterly upon God. Victory is impossible without an enriched life, unwavering obedience, and daring faith. The members of the Church must be summoned to pray as they have never prayed before. Intercession must become a new and living power in the Church." So feling they looked about for a man to write a pamphlet on prayer, fixed on our beloved Dr. James M. Campbell of Claremont, California, with the result that something which Dr. Strong evidently considers of much worth is now in circulation.

Under the caption of "Pacific Coast Fellowship Impressions," the Rev. Dr. Scudder, Associate Secretary of the National Council, writes in the July number of The American Missionary, concerning the recent Congregational Secretarial Tour: "How delightfully we are mixed up on this fifteen hundred mile stretch of mountain, plain and sea. I found Washington men as thick and busy as bees all through Oregon and California. Scores of Congregational ministers brought to mind past priveleges of comradeship in service on some part of this great Coast. We have out there a closely knit life." Concerning the plan for a chain of Association meetings down the Coast, Dr. Scudder says that it "proved a great success"; that it gave the National team "a superb opportunity," and that "it spurred our Coast widely to a unified program of great movements." His hope is that "as a time and friction saver and a promoter of efficiency" it will become a general yearly practice. "Writing concerning the war service demands Secretary Scudder says: "More severely than the states to the south has Congregational Washington been crippled by war service demands. They have left some of our Association alarmingly weak. Even in Southern California it was stated that 41 per cent of the ministers in Y. M. C. A. service were Congregationalists. We rejoice in the spirit and training that so eminently fit our men for unsectarian tasks. But tremendous changes at home are demanding the same qualities of leadership. We must not weaken the home base."

The Army Y. M. C. A. religious work secretaries of the western department, including all the camps from Camp Lewis in Washington to Camp Kearny in Southern California, have been holding a conference at Asilomar. In a letter to the Editor of The Pacific, the Rev. Albert W. Palmer speaks of it as a very interesting affair, stating in that connection: "The conference is working out plans for Bible Study, evangelism, personal work, and social service to be used in all the Y. M. C. A. buildings of the Western Department. It is proving an education as well as an inspiration for the men who are responsible for the religious work in the various buildings in the camps of the coast." Of those in attendance 25 are Presbyterians; 14 are Congregationalists; 6 are Methodists; 4 are Baptists and one from the Disciples. Among the Congregationalists in attendance are: R. C. Brooks, H. B. Mowbray, Roy H. Campbell, Sidney W. Wilcox, H. B. Miller, R. D. Collyer, F. L. Cooper, M. A Frost, H. R. Wilson, D. J. Bradley and Messrs McCallum and Moses, John R. Voris, who is at the head of religious work in the western department is another Congregationalist in attendance; and of course, as is evident, Mr. Palmer, to whom we are indebted for this information. Mr. Palmer writes that others may have been in attendance whom he had not identified.

The Congregational Church at Nome, Alaska, is the only church in that far north city for English-speaking Protestants. The pastor of the church, the Rev. Charles H. Shank, stated recently in an article in The American Missionary that there are fewer people in Nome now than at any other time since the church was organized eighteen years ago. He says further: "Many of the men who have been here since the great rush in 1900, and who have been diligently seeking for the yellow metal ever since, have largely gotten out of the way of going to church." Large-

ly, the population consists of unmarried men and of men whose families have been left in the states. It was thought that the "bone dry law" which went into effect in January would prove a great blessing to Nome. We have called the church at Nome a Congregational Church; but it is not strictly that—it is a federated organization. In the article to which we have referred we learn that the pastor after trying last winter to keep warm in the parsonage by burning thirty-five dollars worth of coal one month gave up that effort and went to the hotel. It requires about one hundred days for the church at Nome to get a letter to the Home Missionary Sociey in New York and to get back a reply. But the pastor at Nome has pleasure in the thought that at each end of the trail, and all along between, the great work is going on, and God's Kingdom coming all the time out of heaven upon the earth. And after all, it would seem that church attendance is not so bad in Nome when the coldest day of the winter, when the wind was blowing a gale off Bering Sea and when the weather was "bitter cold," fifty-eight persons were in attendance at the church service.

The Rev. Robert Murray Pratt, who has been supplying the pulpit of the First Congregational Church at Everett, Washington, during July, has gone to Seattle, and may be addressed at 2216½ E. Madison street. Mr. Pratt is a thorough believer in the need for The Pacific, and has long been co-operating to make it serviceable. While at Snohomish and at Coupeville he gathered for us much Northwestern Washington news. Last week he sent out a request for notes of information so as to be able to present at an early date the status and outlook in that Puget Sound field. While supplying at Everett Mr. Pratt spoke on "Real Religion," having as topics: The Real Significance of a Social Meal, The Religion of a Sensible Man, The Religion of the Soul, The Soul of the Soldier. In an announcement of these services there was this quotation from Ecclesiasticus: "A man's soul is somtimes wont to bring him tidings more than ten watchmen that sit on high on a watchtower." And this also: "It is worth while to devote at least one hour of the finest summer Sunday to enrichment of the life of the soul."

The Rev. Reino Hiironen, pastor of the Finish Congregational Church at Astoria, Oregon, has been in California for several weeks, on a vacation, and has been visiting the army camps. He returned early this wek to Astoria. There are large Finnish settlements in Western Oregon, and Mr. Hiironen is working in a very energetic way among them—not only in his own field, but much more widely. He was pained to find among some of the Finnish people in this part of California a strong anarchistic trend. Mr. H. speaks gratefully of the Bible Society for supplies of Bibles for Finnish soldiers.

Secretary Wikoff of the Church Building Society gave a fine presentation of church work in Alaska at the Monday meeting of the ministers in San Francisco this week. It would make an excellent Sunday evening or Sunday morning address in our churches, being replete with interesting and valuable information not only as to Congregational work but as to church work in general—presenting all in all quite a comprehensive picture of Alaska as it is and as it is likely to be in the future.

A Berkeley minister, now in Y. M. C. A. work in France, writing concerning some of his experiences, says that he "wouldn't have missed it for anything," but that "a little of it goes a long ways." Like countless thousands he endures because the call is to endure—for the good of humanity.

FORMER CALIFORNIANS AND CONGREGATIONAL EDUCATIONAL WORK IN THE SOUTH.

The Rev. Dr. Charles N. Queen, who went last year from California to the pastorate of the town and college church at Demorest, Georgia, has accepted a call to the professorship of theology in Atlanta Theological Seminary and will enter on the work the first of October. Until that time Dr. Queen will spend considerable time visiting churches and associations in Southern states, interesting young men and young women in theological study. Dean Sherrill of the seminary says in The Congregational News that Dr. Queen is the right man for the place, to which he was unanimously elected. An editorial note in the News says that "all who know him will be glad that one so well fitted should be called to the place."

It is noteworthy that another former Californian has been called to a professorship in Atlanta Theological Seminary—the Rev. Dr. Stephen A. Norton of Woburn, Massachusetts, to the chair of Old and New Testament study. Dr. Norton is a brother of Dean Norton of Pomona College. Several years ago Dr. Norton had two pastorates in California, the last being with First Church, San Diego. At this writing we have not heard whether he has accepted or declined the call to Atlanta. In many ways the work in the south is an appealing one.

In a letter to the Editor of The Pacific Dr. Queen says: "Since coming to the Southeast I have found myself with a growing interest in the whole of the work—especially the white work. The war is taking the man-power of the region; and therefore the student possibilities, especially for the ministry. But the institutions are planning to go ahead with such momentum as they are able to muster and command—and with a creditable outlook for the fall." We notice in an item in The Congregational News that the year just closed was one of the best in many ways for Piedmont College, the attendance has been the largest—358 in all departments, of which number 104 were in the college classes; and more money has been raised for the college than theretofore.

While we are writing about Congregational educational work in the South, it should be noted that Dr. Lyman Hood, the president of Atlanta Theological Seminary is also a former Californian, and that he is spending the summer months in field work in the interests of the Seminary.

THE WAR'S COMPENSATIONS.

Wars are horrible and an indisputable evidence of the heinousness of sin. Nevertheless, they have been agencies in the promotion of righteousness, liberty and democracy. The present world-war is horrible to contemplate; yet it has given a marvelous impetus to social and religious reforms. Its compensations have been great already and are prophetic of future achievements. Some great fallacies have been exploded by this war. One great editor has called attention to the fact that it has expelled forever the common axiom: "It makes no difference what people believe; only actions count." The fallacy of that expression was never so impressively illustrated as in this war. Behind the war is the Prussian creed—its faith in the supremacy of the State; that it cannot do wrong, and that whatever it does is justifiable. The atrocities, and unparalleled cruelties and barbarities, the sinking of ships with innocent babies, the violation of womanhood and bombing of hospitals,—they are all logical because in accord with their faith, their superiority, and right to dominate the world.

The war has been a wonderful social leveler. The Red Cross work, and other humanitarian activities have brought

all classes together. The private soldier is recognized as never before; the splendid care given to him is of great social significance. The rationing measure is an incomparable social leveler. Rich and poor are treated alike, despite inequality in purchasing power. It means the elimination of class distinction, and indicates that all should have equal chance in purchasing power.

The war has been a promoter of social economy Hooverizing has become an untold blessing economically and spiritually. Among the greatest results of the war is the social control of industry. Who could think it possible a few years ago, and how strangely submissive we all are, even the great corporations. The war has pushed forward woman suffrage as nothing else could. The wildest suffragists are perfectly complacent, for they know their cause is moving on gloriously. The war has improved the condition of workers all over the world. The workingman was never appreciated as today.

The cause of Prohibition has been promoted by the war. It has led to the federation of churches, one of the greatest movements for the progress of the kingdom of God. Never has the best in mankind been revealed as in these days. What has been done through the Red Cross, Y. M. and Y. W. C. A., K. of C., Armenian relief, etc., has not been matched in the world's history

The League to Enforce Peace has been promoted by this war. Win the war for permanent peace is our motto. This war will be settled in such a way that a future war will be impossible. This war has united the Republics of the world, and the world's greatest powers. It makes a world court of arbitration a sure thing. A steadfast concert for peace will be maintained through the partnership of democratic nations. As it has been declared over and over again—the greatest achievement of the war is the enthronement of Democracy. Autocracy has lost the day; its last hope is practically gone, and democracy has won. The slogan of our President is the keynote of the situation—"We must make the world safe for democracy," and with God's help we will! J. E.

WALTER RAUSCHENBUSCH.

The day of the prophet of righteousness has not passed. If it had, there would be a sorry outlook ahead. No man of our time has better attested the power of the Eternal Spirit to rebuke social evil and to point the way to a Christianized social order than Walter Rauschenbusch. "The Nation," in a recent review of his "A Theology for the Social Gospel," refers to him as "the one man who has done more than any other to change the thought of American Protestantism in the present generation." He and his elder brother prophet, Washington Gladden, have gone from us at a time when their voices are greatly needed, yet it may be that their passing may serve to enhance the solemnity and challenge of their message. Is it an exaggeration to term the elder the Isaiah and the younger the Jeremiah of our day—the word of the one fuller of hope, the other of warning?

The central note in the message of both of these men is that the redemption of modern society is too great a task for any power less than that of Christianity. It was in that respect that they saw farther and deeper than the social and political reformers in whose ideals and toils they shared but whose insight into the forces that mould and remould human life they transcended.

It seems at first thought as if, in comparison with the long and replete service of Dr. Gladden, Professor Rauschenbusch's work were arrested and incomplete. None of us but had thought of him as leading the advance of the Social Gospel, with voice and pen, for years—hard and challenging years—to come. Yet, second thought reveals how well-rounded and consistent an account of the Social Gospel he has left us. His first outstanding book, "Christianity and the Social Crisis," was a clarion call; his second, the Earle lectures, "Christianizing the Social Order," was a notable piece of social diagnosis and therapeutics; and his last, "A Theology for the Social Gospel," is an impressive interpretation of the theological sources and implications underlying Social Christianity.

Add to these "Prayers of the Social Awakening"—the most moving and expressive devotional book of our time—"Dare We Be Christians?" and the handbook of lessons—"Social Christianity," a model of its kind, and the result is a contribution to the interpretation and practice of Christianity of incalculable and unfailing significance and value.

Who can doubt that though that erect form and earnest face have passed from our sight his soul will go marching on, leading toward that Christianized social order for which he so nobly longed and strove! J. W. B.

A WIDE-SPREAD CONVICTION IN ENGLAND OF A NEW SOCIAL ORDER.

Bishop Brent, the Chaplain general of the American Expeditionary Forces in France, is quoted by Dr. William T. Ellis in an article in the Evening Transcript of Boston, as having said: "The one great religious utterance of the war is the manifesto of the British Labor Party."

Dr. Ellis goes on to remark that he finds running everywhere through the large body of literature on the religious aspect of the war "the note of social reconstruction and of the church's social failures and new social duties." He declares that "something like a new social passion is the animating and sustaining force in the breasts of the soldiers," and that among great bodies of the British people "the will to win the war is scarcely stronger than the determination to bring to pass a new order of things in the economic, industrial, and social life of the nations." This from the "Rough Rhymes of a Padre," expresses the thought in the minds of almost countless soldiers:

"And that's what I reckon these parsons mean,
Wi' their Mission o' 'Pentance and 'Ope,
They want us to wash old England's face clean..
Wi' the grace o' Gawd for soap,
And it ain't a bad stunt neither,
For England she oughter be clean,
For the sake of the Boys that 'ave fought and died
And their kiddies as might 'a' been.
We can't let it be for nothin'
That our pals 'ave fought and bled;
So, lads, let's look to this washin' up
For the sake of Christ—and our dead."

Dr. Ellis, who writes from London, says that he spent an evening there with a young American advertising man, an aviator, who is studying America, Britain and all the world from the standpoint of a person who is sure that things are going to be very different after the war. This man in common with many others looks on the war as the greatest social revolution in the annals of time; and the declaration of Dr. Ellis, all in all, is as to the soldiers: "The conviction that they fight for a new world order runs deeper and with wider ramifications than is commonly suspected."

Quoting from that very thoughtful war and religion book "Papers from Picardy," the article continues: "Many of those who gave their lives for England gave them not for the England of 1913 and 1914, but for England as she might be, as one day she shall—please God—become. For that ideal they have gladly died. In their hope and faith

those of us who survive must live and work. Their sacrifice must be worth while."

All writers are said by Dr. Ellis to draw lessons for the world's better tomorrow from the comradeship of the trenches. This is quoted from "The Church in the Furnace": "Give men some stupendous common task, overwhelmingly worth living for and dying for, and you have a tie which is closer than any other. So long as we are bent on 'soul saving' we shall never have a real comradeship. It is bound to be a centrifugal tendency. Selfishness is by nature anti-social. Offer service in a corporate effort and at once you transcend every other claim. It is now an actual fact of our experience. All the world is drinking of one cup and its wine is life that is poured out for others. All mankind are partaking of one loaf—a body which most literally and truly is being given to be broken."

It is remarkable how much has been said of late in England in way of confession of the social failures of the church. This from "The Church in the Furnace" is only a sample of many such utterances: "One feels bound to say quite brutally that if the Church of England is in the future what it was before the war we have lost these men for Christ, irrevocably. * * * The Church, they say, does not stand to the nation for what they now believe is the spirit of Christ. Our talk of brotherhood is simple cant—the Church is the private preserve of one social class taking its moral attitude far too clearly from the predilections of that circle." And the writer of the book remarks: "I cannot honestly deny the charge."

"The Church in the Furnace," from which quotation is made is a book which contains articles by several Church of England men.

Dr. Ellis declares that columns of virile, clear-eyed comments of this kind can be quoted, and that they all "point to a transformation so vast that timid spirits refuse to contemplate them."

One of the most recent numbers of the Christian Commonwealth, a London religious Journal, states: "The organized workers have never been so united as they are today, never so confident that politically the future is in their own hands.

"The breach between the Socialist left and the main body of the organized workers is closing more rapidly than many dared to hope."

It is noteworthy that the Rev. Dr. Rhondda Williams, one of the most eminent of present day Non-conformists, is out-spoken in his advocacy of co-operative industry—industrial democracy.

There is such a thing as a worldly spirit, and there is such a thing as an unworldly spirit; and, according as we partake of one or the other, the savor of the sacrifice of our lives is ordinary, commonplace, poor, and base, or elevating, invigorating, useful, noble, and holy.—Dean Stanley.

If we keep our souls in patience, if we hold fast to our faith and hope and love, the soft streams of healing power will flow into us and through us. We shall receive and give out the infinite good.—Charles G. Ames

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Man's unity with God has this consummate flower, that the Eternal Fact responds to our persistent hope and our abiding faith. It may be more and better than we ever yet have dreamed; it cannot possibly be less.—John W. Chadwick.

It is in some city of God, in some eternal church, that we find the real goodness which owns and satisfies our most inward desire.—Francis H. Bradley.

THE STORY OF THE PACIFIC—THE FIRST RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER ESTABLISHED IN CALIFORNIA.

It was in the house of worship of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, on the corner of Jackson and Virginia streets, on May the 20th, 1851, that formal action was taken for publishing The Pacific—the first religious newspaper established in California.

This was at a meeting of the Presbytery of San Francisco, the New School body with which at that early date the Congregational pastors in California were connected either as regular or associate members. The persons in attendance at that meeting were: the Revs. Samuel H. Willey, Joseph A. Benton, T. Dwight Hunt, J. W. Douglas, and W. W. Brier. After consultation and prayer, it was decided to embark on the enterprise; and on motion of W. W. Brier, the Rev. Messrs. Hunt, Willey and Benton were chosen to edit the paper, and the Rev. J. W. Douglas as office editor.

The publishing of a religious paper had been under consideration for some time. Messrs. Willey and Benton had first talked about it that week in 1849 when Mr. Willey had visited Mr. Benton in Sacramento—paying sixty dollars in gold for the round trip by boat from San Francisco in order to get acquainted with the Yale man recently arrived and to talk over all the religious and educational needs. During 1850 and in the early part of 1851 the religious newspaper enterprise had consideration by these men and others, among them the Rev. S. V. Blakeslee, who became identified with the work a few years after it was started and rendered a memorable service for twenty-years or more

Soon after it had been practically decided early in 1851 to start the paper came the fire of May the 4th. Nineteen full blocks were burned over and parts of a half dozen more. Many printing offices, much printing material and a large amount of paper were swept away in that fire. June 22 of the same year there was another fire which destroyed all the buildings on ten more blocks. In these two fires nearly all the printing offices in San Francisco were destroyed; and the estimated loss by fire during 1850 and the first five months of 1851 was twenty million dollars, and there was no insurance.

A printer by the name of Bonnard had received a small amount of printing material after the fire in May 1851 which he placed in the basement of a dwelling house on the north-east corner of Powell and Washington streets and opened there a job office, fearing fire again in the business parts of the city. Abel Whitton was foreman at $75 a week. Compositors were paid $1.50 per thousand ems. The Sunday Dispatch was printed there; and in the basement of that dwelling house the first issue of The Pacific was printed on August 1, 1851.

Paper was high, the two fires having destroyed much. The price paid was $18 a ream and the total cost of the first issue of 2,500 copies was $426.

The office of The Pacific was on the corner of Montgomery and Merchant streets. The subscription price was for a few months eight dollars a year, reduced to six in October; a year later, to five.

At that time there were only 30 Protestant Churches in California. The ministers did not number more than 20.

San Francisco had a population approximately of 20,000. There were about a hundred thousand in the mines —a conglomerate, fluctuating population, moving from place to place. The entire number of English-speaking inhabitants was not more than 150,000. There were only a few thousand professors of religion—many of them unknown among the mass of strangers.

There was not a Protestant church south of Santa Cruz

at that time; and none north of Nevada City. The total membership was less than 1500. Denominationally the churches were: Methodist of all kinds, 15; Congregational, 3; Baptist, 4; New School Presbyterians, 3; Old School ,3; Episcopalian, 2.

The Methodists, it was ascertained by the promoters of The Pacific, were likely to begin the publication of a paper for themselves ere long; and in the course of a few years other denominations also. The Pacific when it was started was accordingly under the auspices of the Congregationalists and New School Presbyterians—"with the good will more or less of the Old School Presbyterian and Baptist brethren." There were three Congregational churches in California then—situate in San Francisco, Sacramento and Nevada City. There were two New School Presbyterian churches—one in San Francisco, one in Marysville; and there was also the Union church at San Jose, a church Presbyterian in name, composed mainly of Congregationalists.

The membership of the six churches was not more than 250, and probably not one in ten of the persons then having membership therein expected to remain in California more than a year or two.

Many years ago the Rev. Dr. James H. Warren asked whether it was faith or audacity that inspired these men and their churches to attempt the publication of a weekly religious paper at that early date.

Dr. Warren stated when he asked the question thirty years after the paper had been established that there was no demand for it. But it was evident there was a need for it. Fully convinced of the need, he said, "It was next in order, with the courage and forgetfulness of a great faith, that the enterprise be lifted and brought into the life, and place."

At a meeting held also in the First Congregational Church the name of the proposed paper was selected. Under the caption of "Our Name," there appeared in the first number this statement:

"Here are a half dozen men thinking over all the distinctive epithets they ever heard of, ranging earth and air, traveling the fields of fiction and fact, searching ancient and modern classics, inventing scores of new compounds, and trying every cell door in the prisons of thought, to find a name, they can agree upon as befiitting their mental offspring—such as they conceive that offspring to be. What a perplexity is theirs! One name has been already appropriated, another suggests unpleasant associations, a third is too long, a fourth is too pretending, a fifth is incongruous, a sixth is peculiarly denominational, a seventh is too easily abbreviated into a nickname by syncope or elision, an eighth is odd or far-fetched—and thus through a hundred. We try a long while to work in the name of our state, but find it more difficult to manage than any other in the thirty-one except Massachusetts. Then we endeavor to make a compound with the name of the ocean that laves our shore, but are unsuccessful. Finally we take the name of the ocean by itself, and all are able to agree—to agree at last that we can think of nothing better.

"The name is short, it is euphonic, it is fit, it must be articulated in full or not at all. It suggests beautiful and sublime thoughts. The ocean itself is broad and deep; it is the ever fresh emblem of all that is pure and noble, grand and everlasting. Ever changing, it is ever the same —and many a treasure it bears afar. Should any one think such imports something gentle, tame and spiritless, let him stand and hear the roar of the ocean's beating surf or ride its billows in a storm, and he will remember the placia bosom of the Pacific as but the slumber of mighty forces. Its tempests and calmness do not vitiate our motto, First pure, then peaceable."

There was a "salutation," from which we make quotation as follows: "We have not come unadvisedly. For more than a year have we been awaiting our time. A religious press has been a felt want. An urgent necessity has impelled us. Yet hitherto have we been hindered. * * * The need of our influence in this channel is most pressing. If our paper can ever do service it is now. We feel that the religious community demands the prosecution of the enterprise.

"The Pacific will not essentialy differ from many religious weeklies to which the members of our churches have been accustomed in former days. It will contain a summary of the news of each week, and some selections of a miscellaneous kind. The articles will be mostly of a religious and practical sort—with a view to form the mind and regulate the conduct. It will advocate all that is holy, lovely, excellent, and of good report. It will be neutral in nothing. It will aim to be somewhat whevever it may appear. It will advocate the great doctrines of the gospel—insist on a pure morality, and urge obedience to the laws of God and man. The field of politics it will avoid, but any crooked policy will be likely to fall in its way. It promises to let nobody alone, because it is the advocate of that which is needful to every one. No topic that a serious-minded man ought to consider will be beyond its range."

Thus was The Pacific started on its way the first day of August, sixty-seven years ago—on a career of service and attainments which subsequent articles will show entitle it to a large place in the hearts of not merely the church people whom it has served, but of all Californians.

WHEN THE PACIFIC WAS THIRTY YEARS OLD.

The Pacific was thirty years old on the first of August 1881. The issue for that week contained an editorial article written by the Rev. Joseph A. Benton who had been one of its editorial contributors most of the time from its beginning in 1851. The article set forth some of the achievements of the paper during the years of its existence, and has all in all such value at this point in the life and history of The Pacific that we reproduce it here in the main. It began—

"My Dear Pacific" and went on as follows:

On this memorial occasion, I congratulate you on your years and attainments.

Yours has been a busy life; you plunged in medias res, and you have never extricated yourself entirely from the conflicts of affairs. Obviously it was your first duty to battle with wrong. There was so much around you that was immoral, that you could not do otherwise than protest against the gambling tables, the liquor saloons, the street brawls, the places of debauchery, the abuse of the rest day, the profanation of things sacred, and the too common ignoring of all the precepts of the decalogue. You did this temperately, wisely, persistently, through months and years and you saw, from time to time, great changes for the better. Indeed, it came to pass within a few years, that the state of society was almost as much altered as if the change had been from barbarism to civilization.

There was an early necessity for schools, common schools, and a school system. For these rightly established and rightly conducted, you contended from the very first, and with a broad intelligence, and a very marked ability. Singularly enough there were those who assumed to be leaders in public affairs who were opposed to a school fund, and a school tax, and to free public schools. There were others who thought well enough of low-grade schools and all sorts of primaries, who did not care for the grammar school, the high school, or for the higher education gen-

erally. Most of them did not find much of the higher education in their own experience, and presumed that others could do as well without such an education as themselves; which was evident enough. But there were strong men who sided with you, and a good school system was early inaugurated, and it has been vigorously conducted. I remember that there was a time, in 1864, when a division of the school fund was attempted, in such a way that denominational schools, conducted on private premises, and taught by those not appointed by the public, might receive their portions, from the proceeds of the public school fund, according to numbers. This parish school idea you resisted with all your might. You saw in it a peril, that some good but innocent people did not then apprehend. You carried the day, and the innovation was not made, but, rather, very thoroughly put out of sight.

There were, in the very first years of your existence, movements in this state of the filibustering sort, and expeditions proposed for the adventurous. It fell to your lot to be early informed of most of these; and you had it in your power to break up two, by timely exposure, one aimed at Mexico, and one at the Hawaiian Islands. (One eluded everybody and got off to Nicaragua, and finally ended in disaster, after some successes.) These secrets were revealed to you because of your well known courage, and because the secular papers were reluctant to interfere with such proceedings, and because your friends were earnest and zealous, and were on the alert for anything in which you could make yourself useful to the public.

During the same early years, the dominant political sentiment being of the Southern type, repeated attempts were made, a few times directly, at various times indirectly, to favor the "peculiar institution" of the South, by defeating constitution and law, by altering the constitution, by dividing the State, or by all these together. Masters who had brought their slaves hither with them claimed the right to take them back at pleasure in spite of our free constitution; and the Supreme Court went so far as "to give the law to the North and the negro to the South." All these schemes you watched with keen eyes, and you drew them into the light, and you showed their design, under whatever guise of plausibility they were advocated. And so through all the years, to the time of the civil war, you stood by the Constitution as it was, and would not allow the anti-slavery feature to be touched without indignant remonstrance and effective denunciation.

Soon came the days of political corruption, official wickedness, perverted justice; when courts and councils were in the market, or combined together in acts of plunder and depredation. The voice of the religious press, and of part of the secular press, was too feeble to be heard. Then the long-suffering people arose in their might, and took possession of their own affairs, appointing officers and judges, who both feared God and regarded man, and consigning wrong-doers to their fate. "Ah," said a man from "way down in Tennessee," "when these psalm-singing Yankees do shoulder their muskets, then hell's to pay." You contributed to that payment by fighting misrule, and political debauchery and judicial debasement, outside of the forms of legality, but inside of the rights of man. In short, you fought with and for the Vigilance Committee of 1856, and you shared with your constituency, in the enduring beneficence of that triumphant endeavor; whose echoes filled the land, and whose heroes may take rank with those "that fired the shot heard around the world."

One of the first two men ever elected to Congress from this State was killed in a duel. Dueling was largely practiced and defended, among public men, and less among private men, a number of years; and there were several who suffered death, or maiming, in consequence. All this was abhorrent to your ideas of honor, morality and justice; and you protested against the practice in sermon, article and paragraph, incessantly, and procured acts of legislation, of the right kind. Much was done in this way to defeat the custom, but it held power over many till the killing in a duel of U. S. Senator Broderick, in 1859. That dreadful deed shocked the State, and doomed dueling and duelists to infamy among us; and you may be confident that you have done much to render it impossible ever again to elect to high office those "who have killed their man."

When the civil war was coming on, you knew what a "fix" we were in, and you took the alarm. A part of our people sympathized with the rebellion. The men who filled the national offices, and commanded the national forces could not be relied on to defend and support the very government they represented. You knew something, probably of that quiet movement and secret messenger which got the ear of the Commander-in-chief, and brought it about, that, all unexpectedly, a loyal general, of superior rank, one day walked in, and took command of all the U. S. forces on this coast. And you remember how the fluttering of our hearts ceased then, and how freely we breathed, because we knew that California could not be forced out of the Union, and would not go out of her own accord. In your way you fought a good fight for the national cause, all through the four years of the war, and you made a record that will stand you in good stead for years to come. You never flinched, nor faltered, nor lost your head, nor left your courage. And when peace smiled over the continent again, you had lived through half your years, passed through all your greater conflicts, and had won renown as well as victory in them all.

During the last fifteen years your work has been more specificially, educational, moral, and religious. You have sought moral reforms, the purification of social and public life, the rearing of Christian schools, the growth of churches, and the increase of spiritual life among our people; and have been doing a good work diligently and efficiently. You show a fair white face (we know your hands are clean;) there are no crowsfeet around your eyes; you have no beak showing that you love carrion, in your mouth is the law of kindness, your brow is unwrinkled; there is an uplift on all your features, and your expression is one of calmness, patience and hope.

At the outset of your career, it was in the thought of your originators that you would live and conquer, so far as victory was within the grasp of mortals, guided from on high, because so many true men had pledged their "lives, their fortunes, and their Christian honor." And now they are able to say that they have not been disappointed. All your ideas have prevailed, with more or less power, at length, in respect to the restraint of vices, the reform of morals, the restoration of a rest-day, the establishment of a system of free public schools, the founding and fostering of institutions for the higher (and the highest) education, the suppression of the filibusterng spirt, the defeat of the project to divide the state, the overthrow of the practice of dueling, and the movement to carry the state over to the wrong side at the outbreak of the civil war. Upon your past power and your present prestige, therefore, I congratulate you, as well as upon all your other attainments, and achievements.

There is much self-denial in restraining our disposition to do all we feel prompted to do. It may be a very great act of patience to leave undone what we would like to see done at once. It may be a very great act of humility to suffer those about us to see that we are as weak as others in the flesh.—Ullathorne.

THE PROBLEM OF PAIN.

By Rev. W. W. Willard.

A sermon Given in First Congregational Church, Berkeley, Sunday Morning, July 21, 1918.

What? Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil? In all this did not Job sin with his lips. Job 2:10.

Sir Anthony Froude says that the book of Job hovers like a meteor over the literature of the Old Testament. That which gives the book its burning human interest is, apart from its superlative worth as literature, the fact of universal experience with which it deals—suffering, inevitable "as the sparks fly upward" and life's deepest problem.

In the presence of the unparallelled amount of suffering in the world today it is well to note that the quantity of suffering does not essentially affect the problem itself. One death on the battlefields of Europe leaves us with the same question as ten million deaths. We may throw intellectual sidelights on the mystery of human suffering but not a headlight. We may render the problem less opaque, but we may not hope, with our present knowledge, to make it utterly translucent.

John Fiske give us the suggestive and valuable thought that evil is inherent in the very nature of consciousness itself which requires that life's positive shall be known only in relation to life's negatives. Thus light is known only through darkness; the beautiful only through the ugly; the sweet only through the bitter; pleasure only through pain; and good only through evil. From this viewpoint evil is an essential in all conscious life and experience.

If we will, we may, with many of the finest minds, look upon evil as negative—that is, not as an entity or as possessing any positive standing in the universe. So Browning says:

"The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound."

Even so it is a stern reality in experience. Cold is absence of heat but it freezes. Darkness is absence of light but one may lose his way in it and evil of whatever kind is a challenge to the positive energies of the soul to combat and overcome it.

Apart from speculation, however, there are some things to the credit of pain that cannot be gainsayed and that go far to indicate that it is a beneficent factor in the economy of life. It is an alarm bell that says "return, return, for why will ye die?" When the order of life is infringed upon it is the disagreeable sensation incident to the comeback of the broken law. It is the sting of the boomerang upon the offender. Since

"The world was made in order
And the atoms dance in tune."

every effort to overstep or outwit this order must be met, whether on the physical, mental, or moral plane, with evil, which is at once retributive and gracious—retributive, in that it is vindicatory of the law, and gracious, in that it leads to repentance, a "change of mind."

Again, pain is educational. Individuals and the world at large would be infinitely poorer were it not for the positive values of life which have been created as a result of the sting of pain. Painful necessity is ever the prolific mother of invention.

Pain also is a chastening agency of incalcuable effectiveness in bringing out the angelic in human nature. Stephen's face shone as the face of an angel at the crucial point of his career and it is a well-known fact that the "solar light" dawns clearly on the faces of those whose souls have been refined by suffering.

Furthermore, pain, as nothing else opens the flood-gates of human sympathy as is being witnessed with surpassing impressiveness and on a planetary scale in the world today.

If these facts, then, are to the credit of pain, we may say that the inference is not unreasonable, that, could we see a little further, we should be able to infer that all evil, from a higher view-point, occurs in an economy of wisdom and mercy—that joy is the keynote of the universe and may be infinitely enhanced by the afflictions that now seem only "grievous."

The child on the floor is trying to put together his puzzle-map of the United States. He succeeds in putting Maine and the other New England states together and finally fits into their places New York and Pennsylvania, but then is baffled. Yet he knows the 48 states are all there and has the faith that they will all finally fit together if he has the needed patience to persist.

Every arc can be made to "come full circle" though we see only the arc and are incapable of following now the sweep of its curve.

So the unseen correlations of our checkered lives must be taken on faith—a reasonable faith as it seems to those who have seen events fit each other so often in the puzzle of life and who have watched the arc bending as by an unseen divine finger toward the full circle.

Granting, however, that the problem of pain is the one baffling, insoluble problem of life, there are two view-points from which it is practically, though not theoretically, solved.

It is solved for the sufferer himself in his reaction to the pain that assails him. "Evil exists that it may be overcome." There are four ways in which we may behave in the presence of pain. We may flee from it if possible; we may deny that it exists; we may succumb to it; or, we may **transcend it and use it.**. We may say with Browning:

"Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but go!
Be our joy three parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!"

Or, again, with William Ernest Henley:

"It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul."

We may utter these last lines in the spirit of the old Stoics in their splendid approach to Christianity or in the spirit of Moses, "who endured as seeing Him who is invisible." When uttered in the latter spirit there takes place in a man's consciousness that miracle of religion's transforming power whereby pain, which crushes the "natural" man, enfranchises and crowns the spiritual man. It becomes veritable fuel to the fire of faith, not the water that quenches it. A modern writer tells of a young officer afflicted with cancer of the mouth, who wrote on his tablet, before the cancer choked him: "These have been the happiest months I ever spent in my life."

James Hinton, a London aurist, who turned metaphysician, wrote over fifty years ago a remarkably suggestive little book on the problem of pain, the central contention of which is that pain, experienced as pain, is an indication of imperfection of life and that just in proportion as we approach perfectness we shall cease to feel it as pain and make it a means of greater joy. The sick man is irritated by the slightest noise, everything annoys or tortures him, but just in proportion as health returns the "evils" disappear, as he reacts healthily to them. So, for a growing soul, all evil must eventually be only that resisting medium

whereby it can develop its strength and reveal its mastery. "God does not suffer, because his life is perfect" and so "man's perfect life could use all suffering for joy."

This is a practical truth of immense significance and has illustrations and analogies everywhere in the world of experience. The bitter-sweet chocolate owes its peculiar sweetness to its bitterness. The prized perfume is frequently that in which a noxious ingredient has entered in combination and given the resultant product its peculiar charm. A harsh discord in music, when sounded in combination with its proper supplementary chords, may produce the most ravishing harmony. "Close" harmony is the sweetest and it is always dependent on tones which, sounded separately from the full chord, would have produced a jangling dissonance.

A practical illustration of this truth, namely that our reaction to evil, apart from all theoretical considerations, will determine its meaning for us, is given by a recent writer who tells of one who went to visit a friend who had been stricken with paralysis, and, in an attempt to express sympathy, remarked "How affliction does color life!" "Yes," was the quick response of the one addressed, "and I propose to choose my color!" It was a matter of personal reaction, not of accepting one's fate, and the individual cited felt free to choose, in stead of the dull drub hue of blank resignation, the prismatic hues of the rainbow. The possibilities of light are never known until it meets the refracting medium that reveals its gorgeous color scheme, and pain waits for the refracting medium of a soul that can "choose its color" before it too can manifest its inner meaning.

A short story by Cornelia Comer, published in the Atlantic Monthly some years ago and afterward in book form with other short stories by the author, is a fine illustration from literature of this same truth, that the interpretation of suffering is individual and is conditioned by one's personal reaction. It is entitled "The Preliminaries." Dick Piggersell and Ruth Lannithorne wanted to marry each other, but it so happened that Ruth's father, in a moment of weakness, to please an exacting and self-pampered wife, had forged a check and was in prison.

This complicated matters and so it was arranged that Dick should ask Ruth's mother, his own father, and, finally, that he should ask Ruth's father in prison whether they should, under the circumstances, marry.

Mrs. Lannithorne, petulant and domineering, would not hear to it. "The woman that marries," she said, "acquires the permanent possibility of self-sacrifice." Her daughter should never marry.

Dick's father, a man of the world, told the boy bluntly to consider what kind of family connections they wanted, and that he should not do such a foolish thing when there were plenty of other girls that could be had for the asking.

Discouraged, and with troubles thickening, Dick went to the prison, forcing himself to a dreaded interview. The face that met him was "a strong face, yet you could see that it had once been a weak one." It "expressed a great kindness and a great comprehension." If they have sent you to me," said the prisoner, "it is because they think I see things as they are."

"Something made Dick feel all manenr of things: such as the moral poise of the universe."

"What Ruth's mother wants for her," continued the prisoner, "is security. What your father wants for you is security. And security, why, it's just the one thing a human being can't have, the thing that's the damnation of him if he gets it." It comes with our power to endure. That's it. You are safe only when you can stand everything that can happen to you. Then and then only. **Endurance is the measure of a man."**

"As the boy left the prison he was apparently just where he had been an hour before with all his battles to fight, but really he knew they were already won, for his weapon had been forged and put into his hand—**a prisoner had given him the master-key that opens every door."**

The moral of all this for us is that we **reverse our attitude** toward evil—that we frankly use it, when inevitable, as a precious asset—that we place it on the credit, not the debit side of our account and so learn to "greet it as pure joy, when we come across any sort of trial" (Moffat's translation of James 1:2).

The second view-point from which we may see the problem of pain in practical solution, that is, solved in experience, is in vicarious suffering. The "doctrine of the cross" is coming to its own today on the plains of Europe, where the innocent are suffering for the guilty and where, "for the joy that is set before them," countless self-abandoned men, each in his own measure, are helping to "fill up that which is lacking in the sufferings of Christ for humanity's sake.

To Job, the idea of vicarious suffering seems to be unknown, but not so to the "second Isaiah" or the "Great Unknown," who clearly enunciates the idea of the "suffering servant," his unearthly joy and the salvation that must follow. And this great truth came, not through speculation—it dawned on the prophet's mind through the extremity of Israel's painful experience. Thus in all highest literature and in all deepest living, has it been learned.

In Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables" he tells us that Jean Valjean, ex-convict of the galleys, had at one time become the honorable mayor of a certain French town. Monsieur Madelaine, the people called him. One day, walking along the street, he became attracted by a crowd surrounding a poor old man, Father Fauchelevant, who had fallen beneath his heavily laden cart, which was instantly sinking deeper in the mud and would soon break his ribs if help did not come. It was too far to send for a jackscrew. Something must be done at once. The mayor offers a piece of gold to the man who will get beneath the load and seek to lift it from the poor man. No one responds. Then more gold and still more, but no one is willing to risk his life. Then Jean Valjean, the honorable mayor, the ex-galley convict, the main with loins like an ox, himself leaps beneath the sinking load. A shudder runs through the assembled crowd. The old man begs him to leave him to his fate and not to risk his life. Then the load begins to tremble. A stifled voice from beneath calls to the crowd to help. A score of hands rush forward. The load is lifted and the old man is released. Bedraggled with mud and trembling he (who, let it be added, had long entertained a grudge against his deliverer), kneels before Jean Valjean, kisses his knees and calls him "the good God." Whereupon, says Victor Hugo, there was on the face of Jean Valjean the look of **"celestial suffering."**

"The captain of our salvation was made perfect through suffering" and "for the joy that was set before him he endured the cross, despising shame"—in these two statements are reflected, from the world's mountain peak of personal experience, our two great certitudes concerning suffering, namely, that it is the perfecter of personality when rightly reacted to, and that when voluntarily assumed for others it is "celestial suffering" and the secret of joy ineffable.

The cross of suffering remains, but to all who have been diligent learners in the school of experience it has become a "changed cross," as it did to George Mattheson, the blind Scotch theologian and preacher who has given us, in words that will not die, his own solution of the ploblem of pain—a solution not reached by reasoning but wrung from

the depth of his own tragic and triumphant experience, as he sings:

"O Joy that seekest me thro' pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee:
I trace the rainbow thro' the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain,
That morn shall tearless be."

NOTES AND PTRSONALS.

Dean Charles R. Brown of Yale University will speak in First Church, Oakland, next Sunday evening.

The Rev. H. L. Preston has resigned at Ceres and has accepted a call to the church work at Campbell during the absence of the Rev. W. E. Eckles in France.

The pulpit of First Church, Berkeley, will be occupied by the Rev. Howard Dean French of the Church of The Messiah, Los Angeles, Sunday, August 4, 18 and 25.

Rev. W. H. McDougal, long identified with the Belmont, School, having rented his summer cottage at Brookdale, is, with his family, spending a vacation in San Francisco.

Miss Nellie Cole, sister of Mr. Foster P. Cole, who died in Ben Lomond, July 15, was for many years a valued worker in the Sunday-school of Plymouth Church, San Francisco.

The Rev. C. N. Thomas has been called to the pastorate of the Richmond Congregational Church, San Francisco, and has entered on the work. Mr. Thomas comes to us from the Presbyterians. He is an Oberlin graduate.

Twenty-one years ago this fall the Young Ladies' Guild of First Church, Oakland, was organized by Charles R. Brown. Tuesday of this week, at the home of Miss Helen Pendleton, a reception was given in honor of Mrs. Brown, who was president of the Guild for several years. Charter members of the Guild were in the receiving line, and all in all the occasion was one long to be remembered.

The Rev. Leslie B. Briggs, formerly a pastor in California, now pastor of the First Congregational Church of Milford, Connecticut, has been commissioned Chaplain for the Red Cross and will take departure early this month for France, serving in the hospitals there. His church gives him leave of absence and pays all his expenses for six months. Mr. Briggs is one of the first fifty men commissioned by the United States Government for this work.

The Rev. Dr. James L. Barton, Secretary of the American Board, is en route to California. He comes in the interests of Armenian and Syrian Relief work. Dr. Barton will speak at a luncheon in the Palace Hotel, Friday at 12:30. The Northern California Committee, in an announcement thereof, says: "Dr. Barton is in close touch with President Wilson and probably is the best informed man in the United States on Near Eastern affairs." Another speaker at the luncheon will be Mr. C. V. Vickery of New York, the chairman of the national committee on Armenian and Syrian Relief.

The Rev. Arthur B. Patten has resigned as pastor at Forest Grove, Oregon. We quote from a letter received from him a few days ago: "After a short pastorate here, that has been most delightful in its fellowship, but increasingly limited in its outreach, mainly owing to war-time conditions, last Sunday I resigned. Companionability and culture (of the American sort) have joined hands in this College Town to make our residence, in Forest Grove and under the benignant shadow of Pacific University, most rewarding. After October first, I purpose to go East for new work; unless indeed some good providence should lead me back to California. During my vacation, I am to preach Sundays, August 4 and 11 at our First Church, Tacoma."

DR. E. S. HILL OF NATIONAL CITY CELEBRATES THE FIFTY SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF HIS ORDINATION.

It is the theory of some that it is the duty of the church clerk to record only details of business actually transacted; especially, the precedings of the annual meetings, admission and dismission of members, etc. Occasionally, we have seen a record book interspersed with striking incidents and appreciation that give us the more attractive life of the church, and will always be consulted with pleasure in coming years.

A whole page of the minutes of the church in National City should be given to describe the morning service on Sunday, July 21st. It was a rare day in summer—"so calm, so cool, so bright."

The most cheering news had come from over the seas, and we went up to the church with glad and thankful hearts. The usual congregation which filled the pews was an object lesson in itself. It was a live audience, and might well inspire the heart of the venerable man who has done so much to build up the church; and holds still the loyalty and affection of his people.

In the vestibule we were greeted by the pastor's wife and her class of girls. Mrs. Hill, with her own hands, had decorated the church and added her own birthday to her husband's anniversary celebration.

A large Bible class in the church was being conducted by the pastor. Dr. Hill, in addition to his many services on the Sababth, will not excuse himself from the care of this Bible class. Over eighty years of age, he insists that his labors in the Sunday-school only prepare him the better for the preaching service that is to follow.

This morning he gave his fifty-second anniversary discourse. He told of the day when he first landed in Atlantic, Iowa, while the first stakes were being driven down into that virgin soil. Soon the railroad was inaugurated, and for forty years he shepherded the flock and husbanded the growth of the church and the community.

There has been within a few weeks much said about the "mortuary functions" of the ministry as though burying of the dead was about all that was left us. Dr. Hill could count up considerably more than a thousand funerals at which he has been called to officiate and about as many weddings, for Providence has so arranged it that it should be evenly balanced; but all these were accessories and incidentals in his life. His long ministry in Atlantic and the devotion of his people in National City, even down to old age, attests to the fidelity and laboriousness of his active ministry. He served through the Rebellion as a good soldier. Then the Lord chose him as one of his faithful ministers.

Zachariah, in his first chapter, gives us one vision of "the Destroyers and the Builders," the beast and the four plain carpenters, but deadly as is the devastation of the beast, the faithful labors of the carpenter more than compensate for all the fool work of the destroyers.

Dr. Hill chose for his morning text, Psalms 71:17-18: "O Lord, thou hast taught me from my youth, and hitherto have I declared thy wondrous works. Yea, when I am old and gray-headed, O God, forsake me not until I have declared thy strength unto the next generation, and thy might unto every one that is to come."

"I did not know," he said, "when I came to California that I should ever love another people; but I have; I could

not help it; I can't keep from loving folks."

It is well to observe some of these Anniversary days. They are what Bergson calls, "snap-shots," such as the cinematograph gives us, but more—they are the life itself. The "spiritual push," which is continuous and comes from the heart of God. This may be the last anniversary of the preacher, but the influence of this life can not pass with the days or years.—A.

San Diego, July 22.

WHY THE CHURCH BELL RINGS AT SIX O'CLOCK EACH EVENING.

On Sunday last a striking and very impressive sermon was preached in the Congregational church, Saratoga, by the pastor, Rev. F. C. Rolls. The topic was, "Prayer as a Factor in Winning the War." First, the preacher defined prayer as fellowship with God, a oneness of purpose, of spirit, of will, of life. It is such a harmony of purpose, that one will only, and that "Thy will," is done. Then "What was the will of God?" And everything in the character and work of God, in nature, or in grace, declared the sole will of God was, man's well-being. Then was the present condition in the world—war, extortion, drink, lust, etc. —conducive to man's well-being? No. Then, if God was All-powerful, and His will was man's well-being, why did He not stop the war? And the true answer was because man did not will it, or want it to stop. If the war was to end now, much of the profiteering, the big dividends, and great prosperity would end, and men do not give up these things so easily. The great difficulty was, that men were not living in true fellowship with God.

Men are not praying as they should; and it is only when men unite in prayer, and truly desire God's will to be done that we can expect a conclusion of this tragic war. The great need of the present time is co-operation with God. We have emphasized the material—men, munitions, money, ships—and quite rightly; but if we ignore this other important factor, the end of this great tragedy no one can foresee, for we are omitting what is the most essential of all. But men are realizing that. Never was there so much prayer as now. Our Allies are setting aside days for prayer and intercession. In many towns in our country the people are devoting a few moments every day at a set time to united prayer. The church bells ring, people stop where they are, men uncover their heads, and offer a brief prayer for God's blessings on our country, our President, our soldiers and sailors and our Allies—that a great and early victory may be granted to the cause of humanity, truth and right. What shall we do? "The supplication of a righteous man availeth much in its working."

At the close the sermon was discussed freely, and as an outcome it was decided to ring the church bell at 6 o'clock every evening. Everybody is invited to join, at that time, in a brief prayer for this great cause. And that is why the church bell rings at 6 o'clock each evening.

EASTERN WASHINGTON.

Mrs. Amanda Jane Whitmore passed away at Medical Lake on the 24th of July, after a long illness. She is survived by her husband, Rev. O. B. Whitmore, pastor of the Medical Lake church; and by two daughters. The body was taken to Natcheze, Wash., where the family resided for some years. She was 64 years old, a woman of excellent qualities, had endured heroically the hardships of frontier life, and was a worthy helpmeet of her husband, whose activities have been varied and effective. The bereaved family have our profound sympathy.

Rev. C. W. Bushnell has closed his labors with the Kennewick church.

Rev. Jonathan Edwards will spend his four weeks' vacation in and around Spokane. J. E.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

Rev. George R. Wallace, D.D., who died at Birmingham, Michigan, July 26th, was of Scotch-Irish descent, born in the north of Ireland about 1861, and came to America as a child with his parents, who settled in Illinois. He began preparing for the ministry when about 20 years old and was ordained as a minister of the Congregational Church in 1883, and his first pastorate was at Highland, Illinois. He was married there to Miss Nettie Forester on October 23, 1885. His subsequent pastorates were at Marine and Springfield, Illinois, Saginaw Michigan, and he began his service as pastor of the First Congregational Church of Portland on March 25, 1894. He resigned on Feb. 3, 1896, to accept a call from the Pilgrim Congregational Church, Chicago. During his short term of service of twenty-three months in this city the house of worship of the First Congregational Church, which had been standing in an unfinished condition since November, 1892, was finished and dedicated on July 14, 1895. After four year's pastoral service in Chicago he came to the Pacific Coast a second time, becoming pastor of the Westminister Congregational Church of Spokane, Washington, serving it until 1906, when he was called to the First Congregational Church of Toledo, Ohio. Beginning with pastoral work in Saginaw, Michigan, and continuing through all of his later pastorates, he achieved considerable distinction as a lecturer, both philosophic and literary, and frequently appeared upon the Chatutauqua platform. So far as known here he has not been in active service for several years.

Rev. Frederic R. Marvin, M. D., D.D., who died at Albany, N. Y., last week, was called from Middletown, N. Y., where his career as a minister began in 1878 to the pastorate of the First Congregational Church of Portland, April 6, 1882. He arrived June 8th and preached his first sermon June 11th. He resigned January 11, 1885. Two years later he became the pastor of the Congregational Church of Great Barrington, Mass., from which he resigned in 1896. Soon after that date he practically retired from the ministry on account of failing health and made his home in Albany, New York.

Rev. Richard Day, who has been the pastor of the Sheridan Congregational Church for some time, will go to France very soon to take up Y. M. C. A. work at the front. During his residence at Sheridan he has led in all patriotic efforts, particularly in connection with the Boy Scout work and encouraging investments in government securities.

Rev. Francis B. Randall, a retired Congregational minister, recently wrote the words and music of a patriotic song which will be sung this evening at the Atkinson Memorial Congregational Church. Mr. Charles M. Schwab, so well known in connection with speeding up ship building, heard this song recently when he was in this city, and said it was fine.

Rev. H. H. Wikoff, Field Secretary of the C. C. B. S. was in this city last Sunday on his way from Alaska.

For the past four Sundays, including today, which will be his last service, Rev. James Robert Smith, D.D., of the People's Congregational Church, St. Paul, Minn., has supplied the First Congregational Church with great acceptance. He is a strong preacher. He will go to Tacoma tonight and tomorrow will make a trip to Mount Rainier.

Portland, July 28, 1918.

Good would it be for men if, remembering that life is something more than toil and struggle, they would snatch an hour from their labors, and seek in the stillness of their souls that voice which only the humble can hear, that strength which only the meek can obtain.—James Drummond.

ARE YOU AWARE

1. That The Pacific published in San Francisco at $1.50 per annum is well within the means of the great majority of our church members?

2. That The Pacific, aside from some local sheets is the only Congregational paper published this side of Boston?

3. That The Pacific is intended especially for the 50,000 Congregational families west of the Rockies, who, if subscribers, would help mightily to make the paper second to no religious journal in America?

4. That The Pacific has ever gladly seconded the several institutions having Congregational origin and its columns are always open for items concerning the same, and for advertisements showing the excellence of their work?

5. That The Pacific may become a weekly visitor to your fellow church member, thereby increasing its influence in the church, if you will interst yourself in such promotion?

6. That The Pacific ought to have more advertisements, which successful business men of the Congregational order might cheerfully furnish if their attention were called thereto?

7. That The Pacific heartily rejoices in the new board of contributing editors whose telling articles are manifesting the purpose of the writers to make it—the only Congregational organ on this Coast—deserving of the largest possible circulation?

8. That The Pacific with its representative business men and influential pastors on its board of directors is feeling the impetus of their wisdom, and looks forward to an era of unprecedented influence and power?

9. That The Pacific, through its officials, will give kind consideration to any suggestions made by those thoroughly interested in making it in every particular a first class Congregational paper?

10. That The Pacific is wondering if any local members of our congregations are pondering the advisability of endowing the paper which for sixty-seven years has been a helpful stimulus to our churches, and will be in the stirring years to come, providing all will join in the forward movement?

H. H. WIKOFF,
President Pacific Publishing Co.

WHEN THE FLAGS ALL FLY TOGETHER.

Wave unfurled, old star-slung Glory;
Throw your stripes out o'er the seas;
Wave above our boys in battle,
Wave for what our God decrees;
For the day of peace is dawning;
From the press shall come forth wine,
When the flags all fly together,
From the Hudson to the Rhine.

Throw your folds out on the breezes,
'Till each star and stripe shall tell
Of the regal hour approaching,
Just beyond this warring hell.
When the Jew and Greek and Yankee,
In a harmony divine.
Worship at one common shrine,
When the flags all fly together

Fly, you emblem of our fathers,
Fling your folds as ne'er before
For the nearing World Republic
When the fighting days are o'er.
Then we'll rally round you, Glory,
With your stars and stripes unfurled,
When the flags all fly together
O'er the ramparts of the world.

—Winston W. Wharton.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.
Prayer-meeting every Wednesday morning at 10 a. m. at Headquarters. Everybody most cordially welcomed.

Again there was a long-to-be-remembered gathering at the weekly prayer-meeting of the W. B. M. P. On Wednesday, July 24th, we had with us our own new missionary, Miss Frances Clapp of Oregon, who came to San Francisco on purpose to meet the Board before sailing on the Tenyo Maru to join Miss Denton at the Doshisha, Kyoto, Japan. On the same steamer Dr. Karmarkar, who was with us last fall at the Annual Meeting, is sailing back to India, and she takes with her a most fascinating example of what Indian womanhood plus Christianity and American education may be in the person of Miss Cornelius of Madras. Both of these ladies were with us at the prayer-meeting, and spoke for us as did Miss Clapp. The regular devotional meeting was led by Mrs. Castor, continuing the study of the personality of God, in Fosdick's book "The Meaning of Faith." After summarizing this study, we went on to the subject of the relations of faith and belief. The author illustrated the familiar fact that belief does not necessarily limit religious experience by telling of a professor who entered the room of one of his assistants when an experiment was in progress. The reaction was taking place in a test-tube on the table, but the young teacher had written the formula of that reaction on the blackboard, and had made a mistake in one of the symbols. "But," said the professor, "that did not make any difference to the chemicals; they were going on correctly just the same." So an individual may have a perfectly genuine and beautiful religious experience, although he may make a mistake in the formula by which he describes it. The author went on to point out the possibility of a misguided faith and the harm it may do. Religious faith, he tells us, is one of the very strongest forces in the universe, but it may be a force for evil. Religious faith has made saints and martyrs, founded missions and purified civilizations, but it has also carried on persecutions produced and embittered civil wars, and tortured innocent victims. We must have intelligence and balance and the experience in work that keeps faith sane.

At the close of the meeting Dr. Karmarkar presented the W. B. M. P. with the image of an Indian goddess, as "a link between us and India." We then adjourned to another misisonary luncheon at the Ramona, where we were joined by Dr. Kelsey, Mr. Emrich, and Mr. Whitaker, formerly of the Foochow Misison.

* * *

The gracious hospitality of Mrs. Margaret Brewer and Miss Henrieter Brewer, vice-president of the board, brought pleasure last Friday afternoon to many members of the W. B. M. P. The occasion, as originally planned, was a reception to Miss Frances Clapp to greet her on her way to the Doshisha, Kyoto, Japan, where she is to become instructor in music.

A happy train of circumstances extended the welcome beyond Miss Clapp to Mrs. Charles R. Brown, Mrs. Reed B. Cherington, Miss Elizabeth Benton, and Dr. Karmarkar

and Miss Cornelius of India. All of these friends, with the exception of Miss Cornelius, had recently returned to California after absences of various lengths, and were warmly greeted by the many friends who had held them in affectionate remembrance.

Miss Clapp is the second young lady drawn by the Doshisha magnet which Miss Denton used whenever she came in touch with coveted material for the University. Miss Hilda MacClintock of Chicago was the first one to respond to its subtle power and accompanied Miss Denton on her return to Japan last April. Miss Augusta Burwell of Seattle, Washington, will be the head of this interesting group of enthusiastic college girls, who have chosen the Doshisha as the place where they may most fully share the advantages of their American Christian education, and enlarge their capacity and ability for service by the influence and experiences with which contact with Oriental people will enrich their lives.

Miss Clapp demonstrated her preparation and fitness for the work she is about to assume, in a way that delighted her hearers by playing two selections upon the piano. In a few happy words she told how her decision to go to the foreign field was not a sudden whim but the fulfillment of a hope born in her heart as a child. Circumstances had closed the way up to this time; but now, thanks to friends in Oregon, who for years have given her encouragement and aid in her musical studies, she is enabled to turn her face in the direction of her aspiration.

Dr. Karmarkar greatly interested her hearers by relating conditions of India's womanhood, which made a strong appeal for the help which American women can give in alleviating them through women physicians and nurses.

* * * * *

The first week in September is the time for the Board's Annual Meeting. Keep the time free from other engagements!

* * * * *

THE M. E. M. CONFERENCE AT ASILOMAR.

The piney-est of woods, the whitest of sands, the bluest of water. This for the setting.

The smoothest of beds, the cheeriest of blazing hearthstones, the homiest of good things to eat. This for comfort of body.

The keenest of fellow-students, the most stimulating of leaders; the broadest of world-outlook in the courses of study. This for the mind.

The simplest of conventionalities, the heartiest of cooperation, the jolliest of good-fellowship. This for the heart.

And for the soul a stimulus to and to be one's very best, a new realization of the sense of the nearness of God, and a new gathering of strength to go back, freshly surrendered to tasks old and new.

This is what I have found at Asilomar.

Most of the hundred and fifty at the Conference are here for a definite task to take a specific course of elementary Sunday School missionary work, or to prepare for leadership of Mission Study Classes. Another year it is proposed to put in a course especially designed for Sunday School missionary superintendents. Being a school as well as a Conference, with the distinct purpose of training workers for special activities, promptness is necessary from the 6.30 rising bell until the lights are turned off at ten o'clock. Classes are held only in the forenoon.

One cannot go as one goes to a convention, to get a smattering of this and that to bring home for a report; and being obliged to choose among the courses planned, one goes home to persuade the church to send next year at least two people to take the Normal courses and one for each department of Sunday School work. Yet there are good opportunities to meet all the leaders, men and women from the world's centers as well as from the by-ways of civilization. You may drop beside them at the table, stroll with them beneath the pines, hear them in the open parliament; join them for the afternoon recreations, or mingle with them at the vesper service around the blazing log-fire.

A friend said the other day, "the most beautiful thing about Asilomar is the splendid feeling of one denomination toward another." Indeed, denominational fences seem to be quite snowed under by the beautiful whiteness of Christion fellowship. Moved by curiosity, however, I conducted something of an investigation and learned that the Disciples of Christ and the Episcopalians seem to predominate this year the latter drawn no doubt by the personalities of certain of their strong leaders. One of them is Bishop Hunting of Nevada, of whom someone said the other day, "He is the only Episcopal Bishop I ever saw who had a dimple." No doubt this dimple is part of his equipment for a hard field.

All the M. E. M. activities this year deal with industrial situations in one form or another and will open up a most practical study of applied Christianity. Excellent normal courses are being given on "Ancient Peoples at New Tasks" and "Working women of the Orient." One of the most popular classes of this conference is that of our Miss Miriam Woodberry on "The Path to Labor."

Miss Woodberry also spoke at the denominational rally on Saturday evening, where about 25 congregationalists were gathered, presenting an appeal from the A. M. A. for 89 teachers and social and industrial workers to fill the places in the A. M. A, ranks left vacant by the call of the government for these trained workers The group was also addressed by Dr. J. K. Browne, who spoke again on Sunday evening. Mrs. Leon C. Brockway of Pasadena, has again represented our denomination on the faculty, as for several years past in conducting a training class in Elementary Sunday School missionary work.

On Monday the Y. M. C. A. war work Council convened at Asilomar, and since their arrival the dining room has been a lively place at meal times, with fifty hearty male voices singing hymns or chanting challenges to the dauntless "Stuck-ups" or student helpers, at the other end of the room, while the "U. E. M.'s" between are endeavoring to hold their own.

The little red button is an institution here. If you should appear at the dining room door without it you may be sent scamping back, and when you try to slip casually and quietly into the room again ten minutes later, you are greeted with a sudden thunder of applause as the "Stuck-up" joyously chant 'Late, late, late, late, late.' "

Well, it's a place to grow young in all over again, a place where gray-heads go to school and work and play together and where as someone put it in a catchy imitation of a popular "Stuck-up" song for "Stunt night."

Every single one of us
Who never knew the rest of us
Is bringing out the best in us—that's Asilomar!"

L. M. A.

I hold not with the pessimist that all things are ill, nor with the optimist that all things are well. All things are not ill, and things are not well, but all things shall be well, because this is God's world.—Robert Browning.

No sunrise, mountain-top, or June of blossom is so beautiful, and so inspiring by its beauty, as human faces at their best. A smile is the sublest form of beauty in all the visible creation, and heaven breaks on the earth in the smiles of certain faces.—William C. Gannett.

Helps By the Way.

"I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes Unto the Hills."

My soul and I had wandered far,
From deepest deeps to widest star,
And weary, worn, and tempest-rocked,
Came to the heav'nly gate and knocked.
"Who is there?" said the heav'nly Friend,
"Who is there?"
"I! myself!" was the answer;
And to my soul and I,
Came sad reply,
More sad than sorrow's self may be,
"There is not room for thee and Me!"

My soul and I went wandering far,
Waging the spirit's weary war,
And knocked again at the heav'nly gate,
When the lamp of life was burning late.
"Who is there?" said the heav'nly Friend,
"Who is there?"
"Thou! Thyself!" was the answer;
And to my soul and I,
Came sweet reply,
And the heav'nly gates swung open wide,
"Cast out self, and I will abide,
Abide in thee, and thou in Me.
In heav'n there's room for Me and thee.

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Other People.

Have the utmost charity and patience in your judgment of other people. * * * Use your strength, not to expose another's weakness, but to cure it. * * * When a wolf falls, the pack turn upon him and without mercy devour him. When a buffalo falls the herd pass on without pity, leaving him to his fate. There are human wolves who hasten the destruction of one who is falling. There are human buffaloes who pass on, secure in the consciousness of their own strength. There is the more need of those who live in the spirit of Christ, * * * who came to bring beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.—Raymond C. Brooks

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Love Is Not Provoked.

To go through life day after day, meeting all manner of provocations and trials of temper, and not be provoked is a fine triumph of self-control. * * * When one is provoked there is no telling how much hurt one may do, how much pain one may give, how many hearts one may wound and grieve. The art of not being provoked enables one to endure all manner of slights and insults and to give no sign of anger, show no resentment—keeping sweet in spirit in every experience, returning kindness for unkindness. It means that love has grown so strong that it dominates the life in all its moods, that no counter feeling or passion can disturb its sweetness or its quietnes. The love that is not provoked is master of all annoyance and irritation. It is not embittered by slights and insults. * * * Not being provoked moves through all the thousand frictions, irritations, injustices, wrongs and hurts of life silently, quiet and undisturbed, giving out only sweetness of spirit. It does not feed an enemy's hunger. It does not give drink to one who is thirsty. But the ministry of such victorious love is greater than miracles of helpfulness. * * * The quality of not being provoked gives one a marvelous power of doing good just by always being loving.—J. R. Miller.

The Lesson of the Lilies.

I think this to be the great lesson of the lilies—their glory an inward glory lodged in their very spirit, streaming out from their life, a part of the lily's self, not an adventitious beauty, but an inherent beauty, all the good they could get woven into their being. Here is the mistake men make in ordering their lives—they do not compel the great good, God furnishes, in the service of spirit; they do not vitalize it and make it a permanent part of themselves. They are content to be like artificial flowers, like a stick with paper blossoms stuck into the earth, in which is no life, which has no perfume, which the first shower smashes into nothingness—a pretense of glory, and not a real glory. —John Knox McLean.

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A Recipe for Peace Within.

First, of rejoicing freely take—nor stay thy
measuring hand;
Ingredient too oft forgot,
It maketh raised and light the lot.
Then prayer; lacking this solid stuff, thy
mixture will not stand.
This, e'er thy chiefest stay,
Must be renewed each day.
To savor well thy mixture now, use moderation duly,
That all may reckon fit
The pleasant taste of it.
Thou must keep clean thy mixing bowl from
petty wishes truly;
Give them to Him above,
He will thy wants approve.
Then add for salt a dash of thanks, which thou
must ne'er forget.
So shalt thou have, for nought,
Sweet peace beyond thy thought.
This recipe is one, good friend, which ne'er
hath failed yet.

—Edith A. Talbot.

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If God gives his presence to us he gives the whole. We walk with him, not with some shadowy part of him. * * * We may receive the fullness of his light. * * * We may receive the fullness of his strength. * * * We may be filled with the fullness of his love. * * * Do we wonder that we receive so little of that blessed fullness? Why, how full we are of our ambitions and our cares and our anxieties and our carnal delights! Our hearts are like our own dwellings—altogether devoted to our own domestic life. Each room is appropriated to some convenience of the household. We keep but one guest chamber, perhaps not even that, under the whole roof. So, if we make but small provision for the divine fullness in our hearts, we receive but little.—A. L. Stone.

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I came from God, and I'm going back to God; and I won't have any gaps of death in the middle of my life.—George MacDonald.

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We and God have business with each other; and in opening ourselves to his influence our deepest destiny is fulfilled.—William James.

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You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself into one.—James Anthony Froude.

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Keep thy heart high above the many-colored mist of earth and above its storm clouds.—Jean Paul Richter.

For The Children.

JUST SUPPOSE.

If all the lads and lassies should remember for a day
To do their errands and their tasks as surely as their play,
Should hang their hats and jackets up, and put away their toys,
Should remember that the garden is the place to make a noise—
Why, what a very pleasant world for mothers this would be!
How very many happy mother faces we should see!
For children don't remember, as everybody knows;
But if the children should—why—just suppose!

If all the children's mothers turned forgetful in a day,
If, instead of taking care of toys, they threw them all away,
Forgot to bake the cookies and forgot the tales to tell
Forgot to kiss the aching bumps and make the bruises well
Why, what a very dreary world for children this would be!
How very many melancholy little folks we'd see!
For mothers all remember as everybody knows.
But, if the mothers shouldn't—why—just suppose.

—H. G. Fernald, in Over Sea and Land.

ON DUTY.

Uncle Alex came out on the back piazza with the newspaper, and was just going to seat himself in one of the armchairs, when a very large spider, weaving its web among the vines, attracted his attention.

He went closer to look at it, and presently called to Neddie. He had a paper soldier cap on, and, carrying his see this huge spider."

"I can't come, Uncle Alex," replied Neddie. "I am on duty."

Uncle Alex stopped looking at the spider, and looked at Neddie. He had a paper soldier cap on, and, carying his toy gun, was gravely pacing up and down before his tent, which was pitched on the grass under the big cherry tree. Will Ramsey and two or three other boys were in the adjoining meadow, galloping along on sticks and flourishing wooden swords. There was probably a battle going on, though the cows, chewing their cuds under the trees, didn't seem to be frightened.

"What are you doing?" asked Uncle Alex.

"Can't you come over here just a minute, if I watch the tent?"

"No, indeed!" answered Neddie, decidedly. "Soldiers mustn't go away a second when they are on duty."

"Well, well," said Uncle Alex, seeming quite amused, as he sat down to his paper.

Toward the close of the afternoon, when the tent was deserted and the boys were playing something else at the other side of the house, Neddie's mother came out on the porch from the kitchen, carrying a small basket.

She looked hastily around, and then called. "Neddie, Neddie; where are you?"

"Here, mamma!" he shouted, bounding around the corner of the house and up the steps.

"I want you to go over to the store and get me two pounds of sugar and a half pound of raisins," said the mother, adding, as she gave him the basket and some money. "Now, don't be gone long. I am making something good for supper, and I want those things as soon as possible.

About ten minutes after Neddie had gone, Uncle Alex started to the postoffice. When he reached the little brook which had to be crossing on the bridge, throwing pebbles into the water.

"Hallo, Neddie!" he said. "I thought you were on duty."

"No, sir," replied the boy, looking in surprise; "we're not playing soldier now. Mamma sent me on an errand."

"Did she send you here to throw pebbles in the brook?"

"No, sir; she sent me to the store."

'I thought I heard her giving you a commission which was to be executed with promptness and dispatch; and, knowing you to be such a soldierly fellow, who could not be tempted away from duty a moment, I wonder, rather to see you standing here." And Uncle Alex stroked his whiskers meditatively and knit his brow, as though he was trying to study the matter out.

Neddie, with a puzzled expression, looked steadily in his Uncle's face for a moment or two, and then, turning his steps toward the village, was off like a flash.

Uncle Alex was standing on the postoffice steps, reading a letter, when he happened to see Neddie come out of the grocery with his basket and walk rapidly homeward. Some little boys on the other side of the street also spied him, and, running over, surrounded him, evidently wanting him to stop with them a little while. But he, though in a very good-natured way, declined their invitation and kept on his way. He realized that he was on duty—S. S. Evangelist.

DOLL COUSINS.

"May I go down to the other house, mother and play with the little girl there? She's just as big as I am, an' her name's Bessie."

"How d'you know?" interrupted Ned.

"'Cause she told me. She was standing by the stone wall, seeing our trunks come, an' we told each other our name. An' I told her our father had bought this land, an' built this house for us to live here summers an' she said she lives here all the time an' her, father takes care of our father's land. 'N' then I asked her who did she have to play with, 'n' she said she had two dolls, 'n' their names are Prudy an' Polly. Can I take Margaweet an' go over there, mother?"

"Yes, Ruth, if you'll be sure to be polite."

"Oh, mother Bell!"

"Yes, I know dear, that you're not rude, but I want you to be particularly careful. I want you to promise not to say or do anything that can hurt her feelings."

"I'll promise, mother," answered Ruth, earnestly, little thinking how soon she would be put to the test.

With her beautiful doll, Marguerite, in her arms, she ran down the lane, finding Bessie on her doorstep, with her two dolls beside her.

Dolls? Corncobs! That is just what they were; corncobs with ink marks for eyes, nose, and mouth. Corncob dolls were the only dolls little Bessie had ever owned.

One of these had a red handkerchief pinned around it for a shawl; about the other, folds of white cotton were tied with a faded pink ribbon. A queer feeling of surprise seemed to go all over Ruth, but before even the least little bit of it crept into her eyes, Ruth remembered.

"Oh, arn't they dear!" she cried. "I never saw any before. Did you make them? Let's play my dolly is their cousin, come to visit them. There, Margaweet," she added putting her doll on the steps beside the others, "you're introduced, now get 'quainted!"

Bessie'e shy little face suddenly brightened, and a happy comradeship had begun.

Some times Ruth carried Prudy and Polly, while Bessie

bore, with tender admiration, the beautiful Marguerite; sometimes the dollies were carried by their own little mothers, but always there was the happy sharing, making glad the long summer days.

Then one day, when the maple leaves were turning red, a wagon-load of trunks went from the big house to the station ten miles away, followed by a carriage with the Bell family.

There were good-bys and good-bys, till the carriage turned the corner, and then Bessie ran off to the barn. She meant to have a good cry all by herself, but her mother's voice called, "Bessie, Bessie, come and see what there is for you in this big box."

Bessie, running back, lifted the cover wonderingly. There was a beautiful new doll exactly like Marguerite, except that her eyes were blue and Margurite's were brown. There, too, was a complete outfit of pretty clothes, even more and lovelier than those of Marguerite. A little note was pinned to the doll's dress. It read:—

"Dear Bessie: This doll is for your very own, to be another cosen to Prudy and Polly. Her name is Pearl, and she will be cosen to Marguerite, too, so they'll all be cosens, and when I come next summer, we will have perficly lovely times, just as we did this year.

Yours loving,

RUTH."

It would be hard to tell which little girl was the happier, the one that wrote the note or the one that read it.—Sophia T. Newman, in the Standard.

WINGED SUNSET.

I wished to go to Hellopolis,
And see the sleeping palace of the sun;
Past glimmering sands, and fruited oasis,
And tombs that Mizraim builded—every one!
I wished—and, on the moment, it was done.

The sky was filled with quivering dust of light
Where lately drove the heavenly charioteer.
Aloft, a splendid wing was plumed for flight.
From darkling earth my fancy vaulting sheer,
Took seat—was borne along in full carer!

Beneath were spread a thousand living plumes,
Liquescent gold, and ruby set on fire,
And braided color of pomegranate blooms
And velvet poppy—all the dyes of Tyre—
A vast wing, and a goad of keen desire.

The phoenix wing! The bird that, sole and free,
Thither each long five hundred years returns;
And, on a pyre of wondrous spicery,
In Hellopolis to ashes burns—
But then, renewed, its burial ashes spurned!

I stepped into the bright creative flame
(It was a chance that none would dare to miss)
And there to me a wild fire vision came
Of life, and life, and life outburning this—
'Twas thus I went to Hellopolis.

—A Fantasy by Edith M. Thomas, in New York Sun.

"Success is costly if we pay for it in lowered standards and degraded manhood and womanhood."

You are as much the object of God's solicitude as if none lived but yourself.—Robertson.

Life without liberty is joyless; but life without joy may be great. The greatest of life is sacrifice.

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